Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLII. No. 51 MONTREAL, DECEMBER 13, 1907. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

W.M.P.C. 31107

A Jewish Cemetery.

Here is one of my recollections of early days, writes F. W. Keyl, in 'Chatterbox'—this queer-looking bull, goat, and sheep. The old Jewish sacrifice being discontinued, these animals, firstlings of their kind, were allowed to pick up a living among the graves of the then disused old cemetery of the Jewish community at Frankfort on the Maine, where I was then living. The old ordinance of the scapegoat was strangely mixed up in the people's mind with the existence of these animals in the cemetery. Many children believed that they were there to eat the sins of the deceased in the shape of the grass which grew on the graves. The animals were never brushed or shorn, and their hair grew long and lanky, giving them a wild aspect. In winter irreverent people gave them hay, and at last a comfortable shelter was built for them.

The Jews have now a beautiful cemetery close by the one of their Christian fellow-citizens. The sketch of the desolate place and tumble-down gravestones shown in our picture, was taken years ago; and even then the place and its name told of the bad old times of oppression and persecution, for it

was close to the Ghetto, or Jews' Street, which now only exists in part, and is chiefly inhabited by poorer Christians, while the Jews live wherever they like, and enjoy equal rights with the other citizens.

Matthew Arnold's Prayer.

Thou who dost rule alone;
Thou who dost know Thine own;
Thou to Whom all are known,
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh, save!

From the world's temptation;
From tribulation;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave,
Save, oh, save!

When the soul growing clearer
Sees God no nearer;
When the soul mounting higher,
Feels God no nigher;
But the arch fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes;
And when she fain would soar,
Make idols to adore,
Changing the high emotion
Of a pure devotion,
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave,
Save, oh, save!

From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature,
That mars Thy creature;
From grief that is but passion;
From mirth that is but feigning;
From wild and weak complaining,
Thine all-self revealing,
Save, oh, save!

From doubt where all is trouble,
Where wise men are not strong;
Where comfort turns to trouble,
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy;
Where sweet things soonest cloy;
Where faiths are built on dust;
Where love is half mistrust;
Hungry and barren, and sharp as the sea,
Oh, set us free!

Oh, let the false dreamer fly
Where our sick souls do lie,
Toiling continually!
Oh, where Thy voice doth come,
Let all our doubts be dumb,
Let all words be mild,
All strife be reconciled,
All pain beguiled,
Light brings no blindness;
Love no unkindness,
Knowledge no ruin; fear no undoing.
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh, save!

The Dead Man's Key.

A story is told of an English minister who, being called to pray by the bedside of a dying man, sought to take him by the hand, in token of their agreement in offering united prayer. The sick man withheld his hand, keeping it under the bedclothes, and the minister prayed without it. Presently the man died, and then as his hand was uncovered the mystery was explained—he was holding in his hand with the grasp of death, a key—the key of his safe where his money was kept.

The Lewiston 'Journal' tells of a man in Durham, Me., who was very penurious and a very determined man. He died at an advanced age. On his death-bed he kept his right hand closely clutched. As he drew his last breath he tightened his hold. Everybody there knew what he held in that hand. It was the key to the chest in which he kept his gold.

As his nerveless hand unclosed, the key dropped from it, and clattered against the bedside. As if to hold it even after he was dead, the miser had tied the key about his wrist by a strong cord, which he grasped as long as life remained.

He could not take his gold with him, but he kept the key. They buried him as he was, with the key to his money chest tied about his wrist.

'And what became of the gold?' 'Oh, the heirs have taken care of that just the same! They split open the chest with an ax, and divided the gold, and let the miser keep the key about his wrist.' He is moldering in the grave, and the key is resting beside him. 'We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.'

'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'—The 'Common People.'

The Refiner's Fire.

He sat by a furnace of seven-fold heat,
As He watched by the precious ore,
And closer He bent with a searching gaze
As He heated it more and more.
He knew He had ore that could stand the test,
And He wanted the finest gold
To mold as a crown for the King to wear,
Set with gems of a price untold.
So He laid our gold in the burning fire,
Tho' we fain would have said Him 'Nay,'
And He watched the dross that we had not seen,
As it melted and passed away.
And the gold grew brighter and yet more bright,
But our eyes were so dim with tears,
We saw but the fire—not the Master's hand,
And questioned with anxious fears,
Yet our gold shone out with a richer glow,
As it mirrored a Form above
That bent o'er the fire, tho' unseen by us,
With a look of ineffable love.
Can we think that it pleases His loving heart
To cause us a moment's pain?
Ah! no, but He saw thro' the present cross
The bliss of eternal gain.
So He waited there with a watchful eye,
With a love that is strong and sure,
And His gold did not suffer a bit more heat
Than was needed to make it pure.

—Waif.

His Opinion.

At a meeting of a mission band in one of our churches to which some of the older people had been invited, a small boy put into one sentence a thought which some of us might do well to ponder. As he finished reading his little 'article,' written by himself and entitled 'How the Bible Got Made,' he said, 'And it's my opinion that all the folks what has the Bible ought to give it to them what hasn't.' How many of us who call ourselves disciples of Him who said, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel,' are of this opinion?—Selected.

The Kingdom of Heaven is Within You.

If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And to work for it you must know what it is; we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to come outside of us; but in the heart's of us. 'The kingdom of God is within you. And, being within us, it is not a thing to be seen, but to be felt; and though it brings all substance of good with it, it does not consist in that: 'The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost'; joy, that is to say, in the holy, healthful and helpful Spirit.—John Ruskin.

Religious Notes.

News has recently come of the death of Dr. W. G. Lawes, of New Guinea.

He left London in 1861 on the 'John Williams,' as a young man of twenty-one. He was the first European missionary to settle on Niué (Savage Island), the inhabitants of which had resisted missionary enterprise for thirty years. Native evangelists had established a footing on the island when Doctor Lawes reached the station, and good progress followed his settlement. Doctor Lawes quickly mastered the language and in seven months was able to preach. Eight years later his brother, Rev. F. E. Lawes, joined him; and six years afterward Doctor Lawes, having translated the New Testament into the language of Niué, was transferred to New Guinea, upon which island he left an indelible impression.

It was Doctor Lawes who prepared the way for the annexation of what is now known as British New Guinea. The efforts of Doctor Lawes were also directed toward raising the standard of education. In 1894 he established a training institution for native evangelists at Vatorata, where young Papuans—men and women—are educated and trained to do at least 'three hours a day outdoor work.' He engaged in translation work, and through the British and Foreign Bible Society published his linguistic work.

Doctor Lawes only retired from New Guinea last year at the age of sixty-seven, and had made his home in Sydney.

A stock company to support a missionary is a new idea just put into effect in the Andrew Presbyterian Church, Minneapolis. With two hundred and fifty shares at $100 each, the fund amounts to $25,000 and will produce an income of $1,250, which is to be used to assure the salary of Rev. J. H. Nichol, who goes as a special missionary representative of the Church to Syria. Certificates which are issued for the shares may be paid in full, or only the interest at five per cent. need be paid. In case only part of the share is paid, the interest on the balance is required. One-half the desired amount was raised recently at a congregational meeting.—'Spirit of Missions.'

Udai Singh, a recent graduate of Bareilly Theological Seminary, has gone as a missionary to the Hindustani emigrants in the Fiji Islands, the first graduate of the school to go out under regular appointment to a foreign mission field, although other students have at various times been in one or another of the British colonies. When the Wesleyan Mission in Fiji began correspondence with its missionaries in India regarding a worker for the Hindustani colonists, the request was forwarded to Bareilly Seminary, resulting in Udai Singh offering himself for the work. Mr. Singh and his family, consisting of a wife and four children, went to Fiji on a steamer carrying emigrants under contract with the Indian Government, thus having an opportunity on the long voyage to become acquainted with some of the very people among whom they are to labor.—'Missionary Review of Reviews.'

Beirut is a strategic point for missions, and is well occupied. It is a city of 120,000, one-fourth of whom are Moslems, one-fourth Orthodox Greeks, 28,000 Maronites, and the remainder are nearly equally distributed among Protestants, Jews, Greeks, Armenians and Druses. There are 6 hospitals, 23 mosques, 28 Christian churches, 65 boys' and 29 girls' schools. There is also a very well-equipped asylum or hospital for the insane, an institution missionary in character and endowed. The Syrian College has in attendance in all departments—primary, academic, pharmaceutical, and medical—750 students. Moslems, Druses. There are 6 hospitals, 23 mosques, this body of young men.' The college has 62 who are engaged in the work of administration. Nine are engaged in the business affairs of the college, and 51 devote a part or all of their time to teaching exclusively. Of the company, 28 are Americans, 20 Syrians, 2 Germans, 3 Greeks, 4 English, 2 Italians, 2 Armenians and 1 Swiss.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

IMPORTANT.

If the date on the address tag of this paper reads Dec. '07 it is already time to send in your renewal. You lose nothing by sending in ahead of time as we date extension from the expiry of the old subscription, and you assist us very greatly in handling the great rush of business that comes at the end of the year. DO IT NOW.

LESSON.—SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1907.

Christmas Lesson.

Matt ii., 1-12. Memory verses 10-12. Read Matt. ii.

Golden Text.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Luke ii., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, December 16.—I. Sam. v., 1-12.
Tuesday, December 17.—I. Sam. vi., 1-12.
Wednesday, December 18.—I. Sam. vi., 13-21.
Thursday, December 19.—I. Sam. vii., 1-17.
Friday December 20.—I. Sam. viii., 1-22.
Saturday, December 21.—I. Sam. xii., 1-15.
Sunday, December 22.—Ps. 98, 99.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

There should be no difficulty whatever in gaining the children's interest for this lesson, for Christmas is the subject uppermost in their minds. Some such question as 'What are you all looking forward to now?' will bring out the reply in a chorus. Ask what Christmas means, about how long ago it was that Christ was born, in fact any question about Christmas ought to receive a ready answer. Who it was that brought the first Christmas greetings will bring out the story of the shepherds. A question about the first Christmas presents will introduce the story of the wise men that comes into the reading for to-day. Refer to last Sunday's lesson, when we learnt how God sent Samuel in answer to his mother's prayer, then ask why Jesus came and what the golden text means when it says 'for unto you is born a Saviour.' Speak of how Jesus came for all of us, 'for you,' as the text says, and that He is our 'Saviour.' Refer to John iii., 16 and the great gift of God so that after all the very first thought of giving on Christmas day was God's, 'he gave' his only son Jesus for us. The Wise Men who came such a long way to see Jesus brought beautiful presents to Him just as people give you presents on your birthday, but how does it come that to-day we give presents to each other on Christ's birthday instead of to Him?

Speak of how Christ told us to love and help one another and that all that we do out of true love to each other God takes as done for himself; but draw attention to what God wants us to do for Him in some such way as this:

When some one gives you a present don't you always feel that you want to give them one in return? But God has given us the greatest gift anyone could ever think of, and do you know that what will please Him more than anything we can do is just for us to accept his gift, to say 'I will take Jesus as my Saviour.' You know that when He came to Bethlehem there was no room for Jesus in any of the houses and He was born in a stable. Now when He comes to our hearts and asks us to let him in, shall we say there is no room for Him? or shall we say, 'Yes, dear Jesus, come into our hearts and teach us how to live for thee.' So then, after all, we can really give Christ something at this time when we celebrate His birthday, for we can give Him our love and our lives.

FOR THE SENIORS.

If for any reason the elder scholars would prefer to take up the alternate lesson, this will be found in I. Sam. vii., 1-13, a study of Samuel's later life as 'the Upright Judge.' The old sweet story of Christ's nativity at Bethlehem never seems to lose its charm and a yearly consideration of the event, around which history centers, cannot exhaust its claims for study. What God's gift of Christ has meant even to those in the world to-day who utterly neglect it, is a study of the greatest interest. What the wise men would have thought if they had returned to Jerusalem during Christ's ministry, if they had come at the seeming crushing defeat of his crucifixion, if they could see how His life has affected the world of to-day may be a good line of study. The proud old civilization from which they had come lies stagnant, has vanished, or is only now awaking to life from contact with Christianity, while the rude barbaric nations to the west have risen from obscure savagery to world dominance through the civilization that Christianity had infused with life. The dominant nations to-day owe their place and power to Christ, poorly though it may be that they follow His laws and ideals.

THE HEART OF THE LESSON.

(From Peloubet's 'Notes.)

1. The greatest search in all the world is the search for Christ and His salvation from sin. The Quest of the Knights of the Round Table for the Holy Grail, the quest of the Fountain of Youth by Ponce de Leon, and all the quests for gold the world over are small indeed compared with this quest for Christ.

2. Of all things discovered in the world's history—mines, treasures, new worlds—none compare with the discovery, each in his own experience, of Jesus Christ.

3. The power of Christ in the world is the proof of his power to help and save each one of us.

4. Of all memorial days, the celebration of Christmas by the giving of gifts is the most appropriate, for it celebrates God's greatest gift to each of us and to the world. Sometimes the custom of giving is misused, but it is folly 'to burn up the barn to get rid of the rats.'

5. Our best gift to God, really our only gift, is the gift of our hearts, our love, our service, our devotion.

'They gave to thee
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold;
But, Lord, with what shall we
Present ourselves before Thy Majesty,
Whom thou redeemedst when we were sold?
We've nothing but ourselves, and scarce that neither,

Vile dirt and clay;
Yet is it soft, and may
Impression take.
Accept it, Lord; and say, this thou hadst rather:
Stamp it, and on this sordid metal make
Thy holy image, and it shall outshine
The beauty of the golden mine.'

—Jeremy Taylor.

6. We can express our love and gratitude to God by giving to his children, by aiding the cause he has at heart. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

Giving gifts to our King. Study the following passages and write down the results:

1. In what way we may give to our king. By giving.—to the House of God (Ex. 25: 2, 8; 35: 5, 20-29; Deut. 16: 10, 17); to his poor (Matt. 10: 42; 25: 31-46); money (Ezra 1: 2-4); service (I. Chron. 28: 20; 29: 5); ourselves (Prov. 23: 26; Rom. 12; 1); ungrudgingly (II. Cor. 9: 7; Luke 21: 2-4); with the heart (Eph. 6: 6).

2. The blessedness which belongs to such giving. Psa. 112: 9; Prov. 3: 9, 10; 11: 24, 25; 22: 9; 28: 27; Eccl. 11: 1, 2; Isa. 58: 10; Hag. 1: 8; Mal. 3: 10-12; Matt. 5: 42; Luke 6: 38; Acts 20: 35; 2 Cor. 9: 6; 1 Tim. 6: 18, 19.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, December 22.—Topic—The Magnificat; a Christmas song. Luke i., 46-55.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, December 16.—A voice in the wilderness. Isa. xl., 3.

Tuesday, December 17.—To prepare the way. Mal. iii., 1.

Wednesday, December 18.—The messenger. Matt. xi., 7-10.

Thursday, December 19.—The prophet. Matt. xi., 13-15.

Friday, December 20.—The restorer. Matt. xvii., 11, 12.

Saturday, December 21.—The book of remembrance. Mal. iii., 16-18.

Sunday, December 22.—Topic—The last message from the Old Testament. Mal. iv., 1-6.

Nothing to Do.

An Exercise.

First Scholar:

'Nothing to do in this world of ours,
Where the weeds spring up 'mid the fairest flowers,
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day?'

Second scholar:

'"Nothing to do?" Thou Christian soul,
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole,
Off with the garments of sloth and sin,
Christ, thy Lord, hath a kingdom to win.'

Third scholar:

'"Nothing to do?" There are minds to teach
The simplest forms of Christian speech;
There are hearts to lure with loving wile
From the grimmest haunts of sin's defile.'

Fourth scholar:

'"Nothing to do?" There are minds to teach
The simplest forms of Christian speech;
There are hearts to lure with loving wile
From the grimmest haunts of sin's defile.'

Fifth scholar:

'"Nothing to do?" There are lambs to feed,
The precious hope of the Church's need,
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.'

Sixth scholar:

'"Nothing to do?" There are heights to attain,
Where Christ is transfigured yet again,
Where earth will fade in the vision sweet,
And the soul pass on with winged feet.'

Whole class, in concert:

'"Nothing to do?" and thy Saviour said,
"Follow thou me in the path I tread."
Lord, lend Thy help the journey through,
Lest, faint, we cry, "So much to do!'

—Source Unknown.

Let the Children Say Their Verses.

One of the greatest causes of discouragement to a child is to learn a verse and have no one ask him to recite it. How many scholars in your class have gone home and said,' My teacher did not hear me say my verse,' or, 'No one heard my verse to-day'? For how many Sundays would an adult learn a verse if no one took any notice of it? One cause of encouragement is to ask those who can say the verse to rise; then all who would like to repeat it alone to raise their hand. Then select a few who are not timid to recite. They will be greatly stimulated by the attention, and it acts as an encouragement to others.—Israel Black.

THE PRIZE FLAG.

Who is going to win the handsome prize flag offered over and above all other premiums or commissions to the boy (or girl) selling largest aggregate number of 'Pictorials' in November and December? A late start might still easily be the winner by extra push. Flag awarded Jan. 15.

See ad. on last pages and fall in line NOW.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Seasons.

'Summer,' said the humming Bee,
'Summer is the time for me!
Richest fields of luscious clover,
Honey-cups all brimming over,
Not a cloud the long day through!
I like summer best—don't you?'

Said the dainty Primrose sweet;
'Summer is the time of heat,
In the Spring when birds are calling
And the crystal rain is falling
All the world is cool and new!
I like Springtime best—don't you?'

Said the Apple: Not at all,
There's no season like the Fall!
Golden skies thro' soft mists glowing,
Where the golden-rod is growing,
Reaping done and harvest through—
I like Autumn best—don't you?'

Said the Holly: 'It is clear
Of all seasons of the year
Winter is the best and dearest,
Winds are stillest, skies are clearest—
Snowballs, sleigh rides, Christmas—whew!
I like winter best—don't you?'

—'St. Nicholas.'

Aunt Caroline's Sum.

(By Annie Hamilton Donnell, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

'Morry's a great boy to work,' the proud little mother said. She could hear the faint creak-croak of his saw across the orchard. Morry was helping Mr. Parr's hired man saw wood.

'Mr. Parr says he's equal to Abner any day.'

'Humph!' breathed Aunt Caroline, then 'Humph,' again—once for the little mother's first remark, once for the second. Aunt Caroline often said 'Humph' when it was Morris they talked about, especially when the proud little mother boasted of his industry.

'And Mrs. Parr says she never saw such a willing little fellow to run errands—he's always ready. The Parr's think a good deal of Morry.'

This time the little ejaculation did not escape Aunt Caroline's lips; she held it back. But it was there in dumb pantomime. The little mother folded her work and got up. She stumbled a little, she was so tired. It takes more than a half-hour's rest on a cool verandah to refresh as weary a woman as the little mother. Ever since sunrise she had been stirring.

Presently Aunt Caroline heard a nearer creak-croak that quavered a good deal as though the saw was not going very steadily. Women can't saw wood very well.

'Humph!' ejaculated Aunt Caroline. The word was plain enough now. So the little mother of Morry was sawing wood? Next thing she'd be split—yes, there she was doing it! It was Aunt Caroline's turn to fold her work and get up. She went painfully round the corner of the house toward the sounds of saw and ax——Aunt Caroline had never gone anywhere except painfully for forty years.

'What in the world are you doing, Rose?' she demanded.

The little mother of Morry was Rose. 'Getting supper,' she smiled breathlessly. Her thin cheeks were flushed with exertion. 'This wood is too long for the kitchen stove and too broad, too—every stick has to be sawed and split. There, I guess that's enough to get supper with. I tell you I've learned to economize! I'm glad Morry can't see my bungling.'

The water pail was empty and she toiled to the pump and back, while Aunt Caroline looked on and softly Humph-ed to herself.

'I shall have time to feed the chickens and call up Creampot while the kettle's boiling,' the little mother nodded, but she did not add—aloud—'If Creampot doesn't come up I believe I shall cry!' She was so tired.

Sometimes Creampot had what Morris called 'the mischief,' and failed to come careering up to the pasture bars at the sweet familiar call. To-night was one of the times, and the little mother of Morry was obliged to trudge wearily over the uneven ground to hunt her up. Naughty Creampot—or wasn't it Cream-pot who was naughty?

Somewhere a boy was whistling 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home' and the clear sound was sweet on the evening air. The little mother smiled. There was Morry going for Mr. Parr's cows—Morry was such a sweet whistler!

'Abner says all he has to do is say, "O, dear me, it's cow time again!" and Morry's off. He never thinks its any trouble at all and Mr. Parr's cows are hard to drive, everybody knows.'

Aunt Caroline had to hobble to the stove and put more water in the kettle before the little mother of Morry got home. When she did come she was almost out of breath with hurrying.

'I never saw such a cow!' she scolded gently. 'Here I've been all this time chasing her round! And now I'm afraid I shan't have a chance to make the Morry-cakes for tea.'

'Morry-cakes?'

'Yes, because he's so fond of them,' the tired little mother smiled, 'Morry's the greatest boy for Morry-cakes!'

But there was time after all. The puffy little cakes were a golden brown and the whole kitchen was spicy with the smell of them when Morris came home.

Morry was tired, too. He had been working hard.

'My, that old woodpile's a tough one!' he laughed, stretching his lame arms above his head to rest them. 'But it gives a fellow a muscle—look at my muscle, Aunt Caroline!'

'My!' Aunt Caroline said, but it almost sounded like 'Humph.' Then with a queer little twinkle in her gray eyes she sat looking at the hungry boy eating Morry-cakes. When the fourth one was disappearing she spoke.

'Morry, can you put two and two together?' she said.

'Me?—add 'em?' choked astonished Morry over his puffy brown cake. What was Aunt Caroline think of. Humph, when he was next to the header in the algebra class! 'I'm studying algebra,' he said aloud, rather stiffly.

'Oh, then you can do it,' Aunt Caroline said quietly, 'Sometime I'm going to get you to do a little sum for me—when you're not too busy working for Mr. Parr.'

'Morry's one of the best mathematic boys in school,' the little proud mother said. 'The teacher says she can't puzzle him very often, and you caught her once, didn't you, Morry?'

'Yes, sir!' the boy exulted, the pleasant memory sharing honors with the fourth Morry-cake. 'I didn't leave her anywhere!'

But it was several days before Aunt Caroline propounded her little sum. Meantime she was watching the boy who was such a worker and the little mother who did his work. She wanted to solve the 'sum' herself, first. One day, she crept painfully across the orchard to call on Mrs. Parr. She had a bundle under her arm when she came back. Then she made a call on the little mother of Morry. It was quite a long call.

'What!' the little mother said indignantly. Then: 'O—well—well, for Morry's sake—if you think I ought to, for Morry's sake'—

'My dear, I think you ought to for Morry's sake.'

The little mother of Morry drew a long breath. 'Then I will do it,' she sighed.

The next time that Morris came hurrying into the house to be mended, the mother was patching the sleeve of a little dress.

'Please sew me up—I'm ripping dreadfully,' Morry cried.

'But I'm doing something else now, dear; you will have to "sew yourself up," I guess. I'm mending Tilly Parr's dress.'

'Mending Tilly Parr's dress!' Morry eyed the little red heap in his mother's lap in amazement.

'Yes; the sleeve is all worn out. I'm setting a piece in,' the little mother said calmly.

Morris went away slowly. He could not understand. Mother had never worked for Mrs. Parr before. She had never been too busy before to work for him. He put on another jacket and sat down on the doorsteps to try to puzzle things out. Of course he felt queerish—when your mother mends for other folks instead of you, it makes you feel queer, of course.

And it happened the next time, too, and the next. Once Mother was mending Mr. Parr's stocking! Once it was a stocking of Mrs. Parr's!

'Your mother's a great woman for mending,' remarked Aunt Caroline. 'The Parr's are pretty fortunate folks, I think, to have a neighbor ready to work for them like that!'

Morry did some more puzzling on the doorsteps. It was getting stranger and stranger. Perhaps the Parr's were fortunate folks, but—but—how about other folks—the other folks that mother wasn't willing to work for? Little tingles of indignation tingled down Morry's arms and legs. He sat up pretty straight and looked directly ahead of him, out into the hot blur of sunshine. But he only saw a little mother mending Mrs. Parr's stocking.

The climax came one night at bedtime when Morry found that nobody—that is, no mother—had made his bed. It was just as he had scurried out of it that morning!

'Why!' exclaimed Morris. Then he said it again—'Why!' Aunt Caroline was in her room across the bit of hall. She hobbled to his door and looked in.

'What's the matter, dear?'

'Why, my bed isn't made, Aunt Caroline!' The tingles of indignation were in Morry's voice this time.

'Dear, dear! Well, your mother has been so busy. She was out this morning at the time she usually makes the beds—perhaps she was over to Mrs. Parr's making Tilly's bed.' Then Aunt Caroline hobbled back.

Morry's shoes were off so he couldn't sit down on the front doorsteps, but he sat down on the edge of the unmade bed. He felt almost sick, there was such a strange feeling somewhere inside him—he was not quite sure where. A light was dawning upon him, perhaps it burned him a little. He had been doing some very hard puzzling indeed, and now he had almost got to the answer. He had almost 'put two and two together!'

A little later Morry crossed the bit of hall to Aunt Caroline's room and softly knocked.

'Is it you, dear? Come in!' Aunt Caroline called, 'I was just going across to get you to do a little sum'—

'You needn't,' Morry said, briefly, 'I've done it already and got the answer!'

Then he slipped downstairs and surprised the little mother mending his jacket, with his stockings in neat rolls beside her. Morry kissed her—only kissed her, but there was the promise of woodpiles sawed and water pails filled, in the kiss. The little mother of Morry was satisfied.

Mother's Birthday Gift.

(Lelah Benton, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Mother's birthday is next month!' announced a voice at the ear of a boy who sat on a back doorstep in a dejected attitude and a calendar was thrust under his downcast eyes at the same moment.

'Oh, dear!' groaned Tom.

'We were going to do such wonders for her this year, weren't we, Tom,' went on his fourteen-year-old sister. 'But we are in the same old fix—spent our pocket money before the next allowance comes due.'

'She's always so good to us on our birthdays,' remarked Tom, disconsolately.

'How much money have you got, Tom?'

'Only a dollar.'

'And I've only fifty-nine cents.'

'Lots of things one can buy with a dollar and fifty-nine cents, of course, but you know

every year we've always said next time it would be something worth while.'

There was silence for a while between the two. Then Tom grumbled out, 'I always intended to save up till I could hire a carpenter and build her a real conversatory outside that side door we don't use much.'

'You mean a conservatory, Tom,' corrected his sister. 'There isn't any such word as con-v-e-r-s-a-tory—if there were it would mean a place to talk in, I suppose,' she finished with a laugh.

Again there was silence. Suddenly Midget, as Tom called his sister, started up with a wild look behind her, exactly as if she expected to see a devouring tiger at her back. Then she looked back at Tom, who stood staring fixedly over her shoulder.

'Tom, Tom!' cried his sister, clutching him. 'What do you see? Don't look like that. Whatever did you see!'

Tom dropped his eyes, then threw up his cap, and grasped his sister by the shoulder. 'Listen, Midge, I've got the greatest scheme you ever heard of. Talk about a conversatory! Why, of course, that's just the thing. See here!'

And Tom unfolded the idea that had made him stare into vacancy so wildly.

At the end of the 'confab' Midge shrieked with delight. Next day the scheme began to be worked out.

They had a month to complete their enterprise and they needed it all for much of the work had to be done on the sly. At the very first they asked mother to clear out that little room at the head of the stairs so they could use it as a workshop, which she did with the best of feeling, like the dear mother she was. Then she had to take a solemn vow never to step a foot inside the room till invited to do so. This she not only agreed to do, but gave them a key, so even father, who was half in the secret, could not go in, either. 'Pop' was admitted once or twice, but was very soon put out, as an unnecessary third party, and very much in the way.

Some of the work, which seemed to have a lot of nail pounding connected, had to be done outdoors, so there was a great deal of tugging upstairs and down of materials finished and unfinished. The children had to be as quiet as possible about this on account of the sick grandmother in the parlor bedroom. And this, perhaps, was the hardest part of the undertaking—keeping quiet.

There was much blank paper wasted and many pencils chewed into stubs before the dollar and fifty-nine cents were spent. It was finally accomplished, however, and on the morning of mother's birthday Tom did not have to be called before breakfast, and Midge was also in the breakfast room bright and early.

Just as mother came in Tom handed 'Pop' a piece of paper, and when it was unrolled it read as follows, 'Pop,' doing the deciphering quite readily:

'Dearest Mommer—Last year we forgot your birthday, and so we said we would save up all this year and give you a big present this time. We heard you wanted a conservatory and we have fixed up the next thing to it—only a difference in the position of two letters. Hoping you'll like it, and all it cost was $1.59, from Tom and Midge.'

'I'll set the coffee back on the stove a minute,' cried Midge pushing her mother towards the hall door, which Tom was holding open, 'and we'll all go up and see it.' Out she ran, describing a sweeping semi-circle in the air with the coffee pot as she ran to the kitchen, but in a minute returning and bounding upstairs two steps at a time to catch up with the little procession which had paused before the mysterious room.

'Your con-v-e-r-s-a-tory,' announced Tom, swinging the door and bowing his mother inside.

'Where you can talk all you want to, mommer, you know, with your friends without disturbing grandma,' added Midget, just behind Tom.'

Their father shut the door when all were inside, to make more room, and mother began to look around with surprised eyes.

The store room had been turned into a tiny, lovely sitting nook, with a shelf across the window, filled with blooming slips of plants, whose tin can receptacles were hidden in tissue paper, while a bracket, which mother recognized as one belonging to a broken lamp, and since then disused, was heaped with stone, and moss and vines peeping out of them; behind the door, for that was all the place there was for any table, was a box, end up, draped with ruffled crepe paper of rose color with a Roman key border and cover made of the same, while on the top stood a vase of some green things, picked from the growing garden that morning. A book and a pitcher with two glasses made a domestic touch that further resembled hospitality of the nature the children had aimed at.

Against the opposite wall in the corner was the old backless hair cloth sofa, long ago relegated to the attic. Its two curving ends, which before had been connected with the back, now curved up alone in a graceful Roman couch-like way, and two fluffy pillows, stuffed with cut paper and covered with creamy cheesecloth, with a double ruffle of the same flaring back over a third one of rose pink, also cheesecloth, made the old seat quite 'comfy.'

An old chair, with broken back removed, had a cushion of the cheesecloth with curtain hanging to the floor over some ungainly legs. Another chair had had its legs sawed off and then painted with white enamel paint.

A cabinet hanging on the wall, with the aid of a wire coil over a picture hook, was fastened back to the wall securely with small screw eyes and with its three compartments, each holding a tiny piece of bric-a-brac brought from the parlor, would never have been recognized as originating from a trio of cigar boxes, fastened together in such a way that the middle one was lower than the other two, which were placed at an equal height. The tiny shelves slid in and out on splints tacked to the box sides and the whole of the inside and outside of the boxes had been papered with gold figured wall paper; on the two outer sides were panels of red, pasted exactly in the centre of the gold paper. Before the 'cabinet' on rods of whittled wood, enamel painted balls finishing the ends, curtains of the rose crepe paper had been gathered with needle and thread, resulting in almost as dainty an effect as if silk had been used.

On the opposite wall hung grandma's gift, a dainty engraving, and in the centre of the room 'pop's' present stood, a rocking chair of rattan. Two rugs were on the floor, covering the centre of the floor evenly, made of braided red and black scraps found and sewed together by Midget.

To be sure some adornments had to come from the other parts of the house to give a touch that could not be added with only $1.59. The red and black spread from Midget's bed was thrown over the haircloth sofa, to soften and hide its age. Neighbors let into the secret had contributed many of the young plants in the tin cans and mother's china closet had been robbed of a few of the little cups and saucers that stood on the tray on the box table.

The purchases made by the children had been as follows:

Crepe paper, 3 rolls..	$ 45
Dry goods box	20
Picture wire to hang cabinet ..	45
Cheesecloth, 10 yds..	50
Enamel paint..	15
Wall paper, scraps	05
Screw eyes..	03
Nails	05
Total	$1.48

And there being ten cents left Midget had insisted on buying one real rose bud from the florist's, so as to make the con-v-e-r-s-a-tory something like a con-s-e-r-v-a-tory!

'I know it isn't big enough to swing a cat in,' apologized Tom, trying to suppress some of the pride he felt at his mother's delighted remarks, 'but——'

'But,' interrupted his mother, 'I shan't want to swing a cat in it, so what does its size matter. I think grandma will appreciate this room as much as I shall, even if she is not able to use it, for now I shall use it for just what you say it is—a conversatory—and have all my callers brought up here where our conversation will not disturb her.'

For the doctor had said, long ago, if grandma could only be where she could be perfectly quiet she would get better a great deal faster, and it did seem as if mother had tried every part of the house to entertain her callers in, but everywhere downstairs grandma could hear the talking and it made her so restless. But this room was quite off the parlor side, and now mother could again take up some of her pleasant social duties. For, of course, when callers are told to be very quiet you may be sure they will not come again in a hurry.

The time came when grandma herself was able to be brought up to the little room where the warm south sun kissed the window full of plants so many hours in the day. And she, too, said that the children had had a very bright idea, indeed, when they furnished the 'conversatory.'

The Missionary's Prayer.

Thou gavest me a happy home
I leave it, Lord, for Thee,
Because I would to others show
How much Thou lovest me.

And when I reach the darksome land,
Shine with Thy Spirit's Light,
And give to me reflecting grace
To make the darkness bright.

I cannot reach the heathen heart
Unless Thou dwell in me,
Speak with my lips, Thy power impart
Whene'er I speak for Thee.

—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

A Very Interesting Walk in China.

Just fancy that we are having a stroll together in Kwangning. There are no roads such as you have at home, and the only footpath in Kwangning is that before the church gate. As we walk along the street you see black-haired pigs searching for food, and grunting aloud over it. Dogs come out and bark, but they are far too timid to attack us, and if you pick up a stone they run away.

Here are some little Chinese boys and girls dressed exactly alike, except that the girls have ear-rings. Some of them have on green trousers, white socks, beautifully-embroidered shoes, and, perhaps, a blue coat; others have on blue clothes, and shoes with soles about 1 1-2 inches thick. They all have pig-tails. When they see us coming they want to stare at our queer dress and white skin and fair hair, but then they have heard stories of the awful things foreigners do to Chinese children, how they catch them and cut out their eyes for medicine, they run away as fast as ever they can.

A cart comes along with a heavy load of grain piled up in a big basket made of matting. There are seven animals drawing the cart; between the shafts there is an ox, next come three mules, one pony, and two donkeys. The cart creaks, and for fear he would not have noise enough, the driver has fastened a kind of bell to the axle. The mules at the sight of the foreigners shy, all the animals, except the ox, are fastened to the cart with long ropes. These become entangled. The mules kick, the donkeys lie down, the driver dismounts and beats them, and says, 'What a bad mother you have had. I'll kill you, and I won't even skin you.' This last is an awful threat. After a little they go on, and we wipe the dust from our eyes and faces and continue our walk.

A beautiful bird flies near us. It has a black body and red wings, and a whole flock of small birds fly after it. It is some time before we discover that these are Chinese kites, and that grown men are flying them.

Here are some women coming, walking so slowly on their tiny feet 2 1-2 inches long. Their cheeks and all around their eyes are

painted a brilliant magenta, the rest of the face is powdered. In the middle of the forehead you see a black bruise. These poor women are heathen, and they have been taught that it is an act of merit to knock their heads 500 times against a stone while repeating the idol's name! They stare at us. We ask them have they eaten rice (the Chinese way of saying 'how are you.') They say, 'we have;' and perhaps ask, 'What is your age?' or 'Where are you going?'

We pass on out to the country. The farmers are preparing the ground for the millet, which is both food and fuel for the people. You will see men ploughing. The plough is shaped like a harp, the corner that rests on the ground has a shovel-shaped piece of iron attached. One man is dragging the plough, another is pushing it. A little way off is a man with a long, narrow spade, digging towards himself, not as we do at home.

Here are some people building a house. You see the beams and rafters that support the roof. Over them is laid matting, then over that straw. A coat of mud is now shovelled on and the builders run to and fro on it with their bare feet till it is hard and level, over this lime is spread, and the roof is finished.

The next house we come to has a neat fence of millet stalks around it, and we hear the sounds of children singing. The tune is familiar—'Children of Jerusalem,—and we catch sound of 'Ting, ting, ting,' instead of 'Hark, hark, hark,' We know at once that this is a Christian house, for the Chinese have no songs, and never sing in their homes until the missionaries teach them. The father comes forward, and putting his two hands together he bows and wishes us peace (the Christian greeting). He invites us to come in and have tea. The mother and children come out to meet us. The children are not afraid of us, so they follow us to the house, and again we are invited to come in.

Then our host asks us to sit down on the kang, a brick sofa, which serves as dining, sitting, and bed rooms for the family. It is warm, for the fire that cooks the food heats it. We sit cross-legged, and presently a pot of charcoal is brought in. The kettle is boiled, and we get cups of hot water, with a few tea leaves in it. While we drink it we ask the children what they learn at school, and they show us their books—such queer, crooked characters, and they begin at what we would consider the end of the book, and read each column straight down, instead of across. Then they fetch their Testaments, and tell us how many chapters they know. Some of them can say all the Gospels, and some nearly the whole New Testament. They remember what they are told, if it is interesting, but sometimes you must be patient and say the lesson over and over again before they understand. We rise to go, but our hostess asks us to stay a little longer. This is polite, but we say we must hasten home, else the gates will be shut and we will be left outside all night. So we depart.

We pass the church, built in memory of the martyrs who died rather than deny Christ. And then call at the girls' school for evening worship, and as one after another joins in prayer we are thankful to know that in this heathen land those children are being taught to know and love the Saviour.—'Daybreak.'

How a Poor Boy Succeeded.

Boys sometimes think they cannot afford to be manly and faithful to the little things. A story is told of a boy of the right stamp and what came of his faithfulness.

A few years ago a large drug firm in the city advertized for a boy. Next day the place was thronged with applicants, and among them a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this waif, the advertiser said: 'Can't take him; places all full; besides he is too small.'

'I know he is small,' said the woman, 'but he is willing and faithful.'

There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes which made the merchant look again. A partner of the firm volunteered the remark that he 'did not see what they wanted such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider.' But after consultation the boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the shop for someone to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the shop, and presently discovered his youthful protege busy scissoring labels.

'What are you doing?' said he, 'I did not tell you to work nights.'

'I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something.' In the morning the cashier got orders to 'double that boy's wages, for he is willing.'

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and very naturally all hands in the shop rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and, after a struggle, was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other shops were recovered. When asked why he stayed behind to watch when all others quitted their work, he replied:

'You told me never to leave the shop when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay.'

Orders were immediately given once more: 'Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful.'

To-day that boy is a member of the firm.—'Our Boys and Girls.'

Throwing for Life.

A small, round clearing in the depths of a Norwegian pine forest; a circle of gigantic stones fixed upright in the earth, and overgrown with moss; a group of mighty figures in battered armor and dinted helmets, from beneath which their shaggy red hair tossed loosely over their shoulders, as they circled around a broad, flat stone in the centre of the ring, flourishing their spears and battle-axes—such was the scene upon which the rising sun looked down on a bright summer morning in western Norway, many hundreds of years ago.

Higher by a head than the tallest of that stalwart band towered their grim leader, 'Red Rolf,' whose fierce eyes were turned toward a spot on the other side of the clearing, where, bound hand and foot with thongs of bear-skin to the stem of a mighty pine, stood a boy of twelve upon whose long golden hair and fresh, bright, blue-eyed face the first glow of sunrise hovered like a crown of glory.

Young as he was, the scars upon his bare arms showed that he had already faced death in battle; and, in truth, he was no ordinary prisoner. His father was the chief of the Romsdal tribe with which Red Rolf and his Sneefjelders were at war. In the last battle between them, the Romsdalers' chief had been sorely wounded, and young Bjorn (Bear), his only son, taken prisoner; and as it was the custom of the heathen warriors at the North to slaughter all their prisoners as a sacrifice to the cruel gods whom they worshipped, this boy had been brought to the Circle of Odin (as these curious rings of stone were called) to be put to death by Rolf himself.

The hour of sunrise had been fixed for the sacrifice, and now, as its first rays streamed through the forest, Red Rolf bade two of his men unbind the lad and lay him upon the broad, flat stone which served as an altar of this grim church, while he sharpened the point of his terrible spear in readiness for the death-stroke.

But Bjorn was a true Northern boy, and, face to face though he was with a cruel death, he never flinched one whit. As he saw the savage messengers coming toward him, he drew himself up proudly, and looked at them so fearlessly with his large bright eyes, that these fierce men eyed him with stern approval, and one of them whispered to the other:

'Tis pity that such a brave lad does not belong to our tribe instead of those sneaking Romsdalers.'

But before either of them could lay a hand upon the thongs that bound the boy, a voice behind them was heard, shouting, 'Stop, stop!' and a tall figure came rushing headlong into the very midst of the murderous gang, who stared at him in amazement.

And well they might. Not only had this stranger come among them quite alone, but he wore no armor and seemed to carry no weapons.

'Who art thou who com'st here so boldly?' growled Red Rolf.

'Ask me rather who I was,' replied the stranger. 'Once I was your enemy and ye called me "Ivo the spear-hurler."'

'Thou!' cried Rolf, who knew to his cost the name of the bravest champion among his enemies; 'thou to call thyself Jary (chief) Ivo of Romsdal! Ivo would never come among us in the garb of peace, without spear or axe; and besides, we have heard that he is dead.'

'Wounded, but not dead,' said Ivo—for it was indeed he. 'He lives, and has become a Christian.'

'A Christian!' echoed Rolf, with a savage stress upon the hated name. 'There is an end of his spear-hurling, then!'

'Why so?' asked Ivo, simply. 'Think'st thou that a man's arm is weakened because he trusts in God? Behold!'

He seized Rolf's spear and flung it with such force that it flew whizzing across the whole breadth of the clearing, and crashed into a young pine on the farther side with such a shock that the stem was split as if a wedge had been driven into it.

'Well done!' cried Rolf. 'Thou art indeed Ivo, for no other could have made such a cast. But what want'st thou here?'

'The life of this boy,' answered Ivo, pointing to Bjorn, 'for whom our tribe will pay a rich ransom.'

'No, no!' shouted the Sneefjeldes with one voice; 'no ransom for him! He is a chief's son, and will be a worthy sacrifice to our gods!'

'Well, then,' cried Ivo, 'if ye must have a sacrifice, take me instead. I have slain many of you; ye have good cause to hate me; but what has this boy done? Take my life, then, and let him go free.

'Wilt thou indeed give thy life for the lad?' asked the giant leader, staring blankly at him.

'Aye, that I will,' said Ivo. 'He whom we worship gave His life for men, and why should not His followers do the same? Strike—I am ready.

But instead of striking, Rolf folded his arms upon his broad chest, and seemed deep in thought for a few moments. Then he looked up and spoke.

'Jarl Ivo, thou art a brave man. I will give thee a chance for thy life. Fling thy spear, and cut with it, if thou canst, the thongs that bind yon boy to the tree. If thou succeed, ye shall both go free; if thou fail, ye shall die together. Art thou willing?'

'I am willing, God helping me,' said Ivo; 'and He will help me in my need. Bjorn, wilt thou stand firm?'

'Throw boldly,' answered the gallant boy; 'thou shalt not see me tremble.'

Ivo planted himself at the spot fixed for him, and lifted his arm. Whizz went the spear, and the tough thong that confined the boy's arms snapped within a few inches of his bare shoulder. Bjorn laughed gleefully, and even the savage spectators applauded the boy's wonderful courage and the man's matchless skill.

Again the weapon whizzed forth, cutting the band that pinioned Bjorn's limbs; but now came the hardest trial of all. The third band was drawn so closely round his body that it seemed impossible for the spear to cut it without piercing him; and as Ivo levelled the weapon again, his hand was seen to tremble. Then his lips moved silently for a moment, and instantly the trembling hand grew steady as a rock.

'The God of the Christians is strengthening him!' whispered the wild men to each other; and they held their breath as the spear flew

for the last time. Then a thundering shout, swelled by Red Rolf himself, told that the work was done.

'Take the boy; thou hast won him fairly,' said Rolf, grasping Ivo's hand. 'Were there ten other Christians like thee, I'd turn Christian myself!'

And not many years later he actually did so.—David Ker, in 'Every Boy's Monthly.'

Onward.

Thank God! a man can grow;
He is not bound
With earthward gaze to creep along the ground;
Though his beginnings be but poor and low,
Thank God! a man can grow.

The fire upon his altars may burn dim;
The torch he lighted may in darkness fail,
And nothing to rekindle it avail;
But, high beyond his dull horizon's rim,
Arcturus and the Pleiads beckon him!
—Florence E. Coates, in the 'Atlantic.'

A Boy's Mistake.

On the station platform two men stood waiting for their train. Another man, with a pick and shovel on his shoulder, was passing, on his way to work. He was not more than fifty or fifty-five years old, but his gait was stiff and labored, and there was a pronounced stoop in the figure. His overalls, once brown, were lime-bleached and faded to a soft 'old rose,' and bagged dejectedly at the knees. The face under the weather-beaten hat was stolid and listless.

As he clumped along in his heavy cowhide boots, he apparently embodied that most persistent and most pathetic figure, that more modern Europe calls the peasant, and which the census enumerator of the present day, in free America, sets down as 'unskilled labor.'

The elder of the two men on the platform pointed the man out to his companion.

'That man and I were schoolmates,' he said. 'He was not dull at his books, and ought to have made a better condition in life for himself.'

'What's the matter with him? Does he drink?' asked the younger man.

'No. Nothing of that kind has ever hindered him. Let me tell you his story: When he was about fifteen years old he was offered a dollar a day to dig a cellar. This seemed large wages to him, and he left school and took the job. He was proud of his size and strength, and the offer made him feel so independent that he rather looked down on the rest of us boys. He never went back to school. He found work to do that required no skill or technical knowledge—only muscle used under an overseer's direction—and he kept at it.

'I remember Judge Hartley, one of the school committee, met John—his name is John Saunders—and said to him:—"My boy, you're making a great mistake and doing a very foolish thing. If you must work, why don't you learn a trade?"—"I'd have to give my time for three or four years for nothing. What would be the use of that? I'm as strong as a man, and I'm getting man's wages now," said John.

'"Strong!" said the Judge. "Are you as strong as my horses? They work for their keep, but I have to pay the man that drives them $30 a month besides his keep, and the man who shoes them gets $3 a day. If strength counts for so much, I wonder the horses don't strike and look for a job laying brick or carpentering."

'But John thought the judge was only joking. He couldn't see why he should give his time to learning a trade or some profitable business, and work for nothing, as he said, when he could work for wages; so he went his own way.'

'There are thousands like him,' said the other man. 'They never learn to do any kind of business, and never seem to realize that the reason the trained blacksmith or skilled carpenter or the salesman gets higher wages than they do, is because he has given time to learning how to use his head, as well as his feet and his hands. If boys would only keep this important fact in mind, that muscle, mere physical muscle, is always one of the cheapest things in the labor market, and that so far as price is concerned it matters little whether a man furnishes it or a horse, there would be fewer men classed as "unskilled labor."'—'Epworth Herald.'

Gladstone When a Boy.

It is not always safe to follow the example of good and great men, even when advised to do so. The following personal incident once related by the famous English statesman, Gladstone, to a small visitor, is a case in point. He said:

'When I was a little chap, just leaving off my kilts, my father sent me to dine with Beaconsfield, who, having taken a fancy to me while visiting in Norfolkshire, wanted to have me as his guest.

'My good father, as he parted with me on my way to his lordship's, said, "Now, William, when at his lordship's board, be sure you do exactly as he does." Well, I went to the good man's house and sat down at the table, and anxiously watched my host while he served the guests, bent, of course, on following my father's orders to do exactly as his lordship. When the guests had been served, his lordship looked up from his plate and soon sneezed several times. I watched him, and soon I sneezed the same number of times I had noted he had done. Nothing was said, the meal continued without interruption for a few more minutes, then his lordship exclaimed:

'"A beastly draught," and, wheeling around in his chair, called to his valet to close a door that had been left open near his lordship's seat.

'Again I watched him. Then, repeating the exclamation he had uttered, I wheeled around in my chair and gave a similar command to the valet.

'There was a silence. His lordship's brow knitted, his lips closed, and he gave me such a hard and inquiring look that I trembled from head to foot.

'At last he spoke, his voice quite determined.

'"See here, William, are you imitating me?"

'"Oh, no, your lordship," I stammered out.

'"Well, what does this mean?"

'"Only, your lordship, that I am doing what father told me. He said I was to watch you at the table and do exactly as you did."

'His lordship laughed merrily, then turning to his guests said:

'"I am taught a lesson. I must not do that which I would not have others do."'

Then, closing the story with his little visitor, Mr. Gladstone said:

'Little man, always be careful. Never do anything because other people do it, unless you are certain it is good and pleasant unto God.'—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

The Parson's Ride.

That some animals have a sense of humor, and even indulge in practical jokes, can find abundance of evidence. We have all heard of a 'horse laugh;' but the writer was the victim of a 'horse joke,' which, we trust, proved more entertaining to the animal and his audience than it did to the unfortunate victim.

While a circuit-rider in Missouri, I owned a horse named Dan, a large, powerful black, of intelligence and mettle. When in the harness Dan felt his responsibility, and was perfectly reliable; but when off duty he was something of a joker.

I often allowed Dan to graze about the town in company with other horses, but had trained him to leave the herd at my call, and follow me to the stable. Hence I had no need to take halter or bridle with me.

One day, after searching the town over, I finally found him down a shady lane a short distance in the country. Being somewhat tired with my walk, I thought to make him pay the penalty of his truancy by carrying me home. Without once thinking that I might be exposing myself to danger, I jumped on his back. No sooner had I settled down for a leisurely ride home than he started at a pace which showed me my mistake. He evidently thought that if I so far trusted him as to mount without halter, bridle, or whip, he could be trusted also to set the gait.

I was nearly unseated the first leap. I clutched his mane, and cried, 'Whoa!' with all the power and authority I could command. But it was one of the times when authority did not count. Dan was in authority now, and he knew it. I knew it, too, and felt my helplessness. I was alarmed for my dignity, as well as my safety. But every time I called 'Whoa!' he seemed only to increase his speed.

Faster and faster he flew! Paul Revere is said to have made some very fair time in his day, but he 'wasn't in it' with old Dan. He only seemed to touch the high places in the road, and the fence-posts along the wayside looked like a fine-toothed comb.

Dan took the principal street of the town, past the post-office, stores, and other places of resort. He evidently wanted to be sure the unique performance would have an audience. The villagers stood aghast as the apparition swept by amid a cloud of dust and flying gravel. They wondered if the parson had gone crazy, to be riding into town at such a reckless speed bare-back. Then, as they took in the situation, and realized that I was not a willing participant in the performance, but was the victim of a practical joke perpetrated by a horse, their amusement knew no bounds.

I could not see the joke at the time, and wondered why the people laughed. To me it was anything but funny, as I clung desperately to his flowing mane, and clamped myself on as best I could with my dangling heels. My hair stood on end. In imagination I saw myself being picked up a mangled remnant from the wayside.

From the main street to the stable there were several sharp corners to turn, with barbed-wire fences on either side. As we approached them my blood ran cold. As I possessed no earthly means of controlling our flight, my only resource was to lift a mute appeal to heaven that the horse might slow down.

Arrived opposite the stable door, he halted as suddenly as he had started, intending this as the climax of the performance. He wanted to save me all trouble of alighting. But by virtue of superb horsemanship I successfully resisted the impulse to continue the journey.

When I got down, and found that I was unhurt, I could not find it in my heart to chide the horse, but made believe that I had enjoyed the ride as well as he had. When I had time to think it over calmly, I concluded the Psalmist knew what he was talking about when he wrote: 'A horse is a vain thing for safety.'

I never heard the last of that ride, and it has gone into history in connection with that circuit.—Rev. W. A. Phelps, in 'Epworth Herald.'

Live in the sunshine, God meant it for you!
Live as the robins, and sing the day through.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Finding 'Girl' in the Bible.

An English town missionary, a short time ago, related a remarkable incident. There was a lodging-house in his district which he had long desired to enter, but was deterred from so doing by his friend, who feared that his life would be thereby endangered. He became at length so uneasy that he determined to risk all consequences and try to gain admission. So one day he gave a somewhat timid knock at the door, in response to which a coarse voice roared out, 'Who's there?' and at the same time a vicious-looking woman opened the door and ordered the man of God away.

'Let him come in, and see who he is and what he wants,' growled out some voice. The missionary walked in, and bowing politely to the rough-looking man who he had just heard speak, said:

'I have been visiting most of the houses in this neighborhood to read with and talk to the people about good things. I have passed your door as long as I feel I ought, for I wish to talk with you and your lodgers.'

'Are you what is called a town missionary?'

'I am, sir,' was the reply.

'Well, then,' said the fierce-looking man,

sit down and hear what I am going to say. I will ask you one question out of the Bible. If you answer me right, you may call at this house, and read and pray with us or our lodgers as often as you like; if you do not answer me right, we will tear your clothes off your back, and tumble you neck and heels into the street. Now what do you say to that? for I am a man of my word.'

The missionary was perplexed, but at length quietly said, 'I will try.'

'Well, then,' said the man, 'here goes. Is the word "girl" in any part of the Bible? If so, where is it to be found, and how often? That is my question?'

'Well, sir, the word girl is in the Bible, but only once, and may be found in the words of the Prophet Joel, in the third verse of the third chapter. The words are, "And sold a girl for wine that they might drink."'

'Well,' replied the man, 'I'm dead beat; I durst to have bet five pounds you could not have told.'

'And I could not have told yesterday,' said the visitor. 'For several days I have been praying that the Lord would open me a way into this house, and this very morning, when reading the Scriptures in my family, I was surprised to find the word, and got the Concordance to see if it occurred again, and found it did not. And now, sir, I believe that God did know, and does know what will come to pass, and surely His hand is in this for my protection and your good.'

The whole of the inmates were greatly surprised, and the incident resulted in the conversion of the man, his wife, and two of the lodgers.—'British Workwoman.'

Deceitful Pleasures.

A certain king is said to have parted with his kingdom for a draught of water. When he had drunk it he exclaimed—'For how short a pleasure have I sold a kingdom!' Well, the Bible says of all the pleasures of sin, they are 'but for a season.' Ah, very short seasons often—mere passing gratifications, like that of Jonathan, 'I did but taste a little honey, and, lo, I must die.' Yes, many of its pleasures are promising enough, but deceitful. Like those apples of Sodom that are fair enough to look at, beautiful and ripe in appearance, and soft to the touch, and are nothing but a mass of disappointment. Young friends, we are living in a time when the snares of sin are decked out in such an enticing way that the greatest care is needed not to be deceived by them. Always try to bear in mind 'the deceitfulness of sin.'—Selected.

Go Straight and Keep Steady.

While walking in the country with several relatives, a little girl came to a deep ditch which could only be crossed by a narrow plank. Though for a time she feared to cross, she suddenly looked round and exclaimed:—'Grandpa, you go first; you are the heaviest, and I want to see how you do it.'

After watching her grandparent safely over the plank, the child said:—'Oh, I can do that; you have only to go straight and keep steady.'

May we not learn that if we would go the way that God has opened, we have but to follow His word, go straight, and keep our faith steady? Our difficulties may be overcome if we but allow God to clear the way, instead of attempting to do so in our own strength.—'League Journal.'

An Unexpected Trip.

(Agnes G. Gray, in 'Little One's Annual.')

A chipmunk sat on a cedar tree,
First on two feet, then on three,
As he combed his beautiful tail.
He watched the river down below
As it hurried by with rapid flow,
Till he longed for a bit of a sail.

He hunted about for a minute or two,
Till he found a chip which he thought would do,
Then launched it on the tide.
He leaped aboard his frail canoe,
Which shot ahead, then faster flew,
Though to stop it he vainly tried.

But soon he grew to like the speed,
And laughed for joy, with little heed
To the distance he had come.

But now the night is settling down.
He [illegible]
And hears its distant hum.

Still through the dark he rushes by,
The fields and houses faster fly,
Till he gains the open sea.
And now he is rocked and tossed about,
And very soon begins to find out
How sick a chipmunk can be.

After days and days of this wearisome life,
He is thrown from his boat in the terrible strife
Which the ocean has with the shore.
And so he is dashed on the firm white sand,
Where he lies at rest till a friendly hand
Lifts him to life once more.

A Child's Victory.

A coal cart was delivering an order in Clinton place the other day and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to a spot desired and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow with a fierce look in his eyes and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow.

'I pity the horse, but I don't want to get into a row,' remarked one.

'I'm satisfied that I could do him up with the gloves on, but he wouldnt fight that way,' added a second.

'I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him,' put in a young man with a long neck, 'but about the time I got him down along would come a policeman and arrest us both.'

The driver was beating the horse and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl eight years of age approached and said, 'Please, mister.'

'Well, what yer want?'

'If you'll only stop, I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of coal to the manhole and let you rest while we're [illegible].'

The man stood up and looked around in a defiant way, but, meeting with pleasant looks, he began to give in and after a moment he smiled and said: 'Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip and perhaps a lift on the wheel will help him.'

The crowd swarmed about the cart and a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart off the spot with one effort.—Baltimore 'Christian Advocate.'

Temperance

A Signboard.

I will paint you a sign, rum-seller
And hang it over your door;
A true and better signboard
Than ever you had before.
I will paint with the skill of a master
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rumseller,
As you wait for that fair young boy,
Just in the morning of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy,
He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly,
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rumseller—
I will paint you as you stand,
With a foaming glass of liquor
Extended in your hand.
He wavers, but you urge him—
'Drink, pledge me just this one!'
And he lifts the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

And I next will paint a drunkard—
Only a year has flown,
But into this loathsome creature
The fair young boy has grown
The work was quick and rapid—
I will paint him as he lies,
In a torpid, drunken slumber,
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint you the form of the mother,
As she kneels at her darling's side,
Her beautiful boy that was dearer
Than all the world beside.
I will paint you the shape of a coffin
Labelled with one word— Lost.'
I will paint you all this, rum-seller,
And will paint it free of cost.

The sin and the shame and the sorrow,
The crime and the want and the woe,
That are born there in your workshop,
No hand can paint, you know.
But I'll paint you a sign, rum-seller,
And many shall pause to view,
This wonderful swinging signboard,
So terribly, fearfully true.

—'League Journal.'

A Famous Drunken Quarrel.

Cassio: I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an oncer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil.

Iago: What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas.: I know not.

Iago: Is it possible?

Cas.: I can remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore—O, that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago: Why, you are now well enough; how came you thus recovered?

Cas.: It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago: Come, you are too severe a moraler; as the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is, as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas.: I will not ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man and by-and-bye a fool, and presently a beast! O, strange; every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is a devil.—Shakespeare (Othello).

The Working Men and Temperance.

We want the working-men and the laborers upon the side of absolute Temperance. Where are we to look for a more passionate idealism than as yet gathers round the effort, if not among the great body of the working classes, among men and women who have been steadily victimized by tempters who absorb a third of their wages? They ought to see that an eager combination for Temperance will enable them to help one another and the whole cause of a changed and bettered society, more than anything else that they can do. They have everything to make them passionate upon the subject. Their homes have been ruined in thousands by their drinking, their thrift destroyed, their poverty doubled, their intelligence weakened, their power to keep the advantages they gain enfeebled, their children diseased, their women worked to death or degraded, their enemies strengthened, their leisure and their culture reduced to the least possible quantity, their pleasures corrupted, their slavery to capital riveted upon them, their violence increased, their crime—where there is crime—rendered brutal, their health so spoiled that old age finds them easy prey and the workhouse remains their ownly refuge. They owe a debt of stern and abiding wrath to drink, and to tempters to drink, and I would they would pay the debt by total abstinence, by a great movement among themselves, led by all their unions and associations, to make the workers of England sober men and women. Till this is made by the men themselves and of their own impulse, one of the planks in their platform—all success in social reform will linger, like a lame man, upon the way. With it, they would be so strong that no abuse or injustice would have a chance of resisting them. But every enemy the men have supports the public house. Their enemies know, as long as they can put one of these places at every forty yards in a poor neighborhood, that they will keep their ill-gotten power over the employed. A great deal is said of the cheerful glass, and of robbing the poor man of his beer. I want them to be robbed of nothing. I want them to deprive themselves of their great curse by their own action; and they will not deprive themselves of any very pleasant thing. For that which is soil to them is not pure. It is plain poison, adulterated with every kind of villainy. No one is punished for this adulteration; this part of the iniquity never lessens; and all the time the very men who ought to be the most furious with this wickedness, and who suffer most from it, are hand and glove with the devil who enslaves and slays them. It is as pathetic a thing as exists in the whole world.—Stopford A. Brooke, M.A.

A Startling Balance-sheet.

Behold me, then, in the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay.

Hear me count my gains, and the profits which I have derived from the midnight cup.

Twelve years ago I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body.

I was never strong, but I think my constitution (for a weak one) was as happily exempt from the tendency to any malady as it was possible to be.

I scare knew what it was to ail anything.

Now, except when I am losing myself in a sea of drinks, I am never free from those uneasy sensations in head and stomach which are so much worse to bear than any definite pains or aches.

At that time I was seldom in bed after six in the morning, summer and winter.

I awoke refreshed, and seldom without some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of a song to welcome the new-born day.

Now the first feeling that besets me, after stretching out the hours of recumbrance to their last possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day that lies before me, with a secret wish that I could have lain on still, or never awaked.

Life itself, my waking life, has much of the confusion, the trouble, the obscure perplexity, of an ill dream. In the daytime I stumble upon dark mountains.

Business, which, though never particularly adapted to my nature, yet as something of necessity to be gone through, and therefore best undertaken with cheerfulness, I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies, affrights, perplexes me.

I fancy all sorts of discouragements, and am ready to give up an occupation which gives me bread, from a harassing conceit of incapacity. The slightest commission given me by a friend, or any small duty which I have to perform for myself, as giving orders to a tradesman, etc., haunts me as a labor impossible to be got through.

So much the springs of action are broken. —Charles Lamb.

Three times France has lowered the standard of height in her armies. Scientific men who have given the matter impartial investigation declare that the use of tobacco is one of the chief causes.

A Capital Story.

Full of dash and spirit from beginning to end; full of the interest of real human lives, their joys, their sorrows; full of the dauntless courage and heroism that marked the old Greeks and Persians of the days of Thermopylae, Salamis and Plataea, one of the most stirring times the world has ever seen—such is the new story that will start in the Montreal 'Witness' the second week in December.

Every 'Messenger' reader would enjoy this story, the copyright of which the 'Witness' has secured from the author, Mr. William Stearns Davis, already so well known by his 'Friend of Caesar,' 'Belshazzar,' 'As God Wills,' etc., etc. The book would cost in the regular way—$1.50, while the modest sum of $1.20 will secure 52 issues of the 'Northern Messenger,' 52 issues of the 'Weekly Witness,' including this delightful story and other features of great interest too numerous to mention. 'Messenger' subscribers who have not taken the 'Weekly Witness' should try it for a year—the cleanest and best family newspaper in the Dominion.

If you have a neighbor newly come to this country, kindly show him this offer.

If you do not subscribe for the 'Messenger' direct, but get it at your Sunday School, and have not been taking the 'Witness,' cut out this coupon and send with 80 cents and you will receive the 'Weekly Witness' for one full year from the start of the story.

COUPON.

(Worth 20 cents.)

To the Publishers of 'Weekly Witness,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Dear Sirs:—

I get the 'Messenger' at.....S. S., and our Superintendent is

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Kindly send the 'Weekly Witness' for one year from start of the new story, 'Victor of Salamis,' for which I enclose eighty cents (80 cents), which together with this coupon completes my subscription.

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LITTLE FOLKS

What Lila Won.

(By Adele E. Thompson, in 'The Child's Hour.')

Oh, what do you think, mamma!' Lila was so out of breath with running, and talked so fast, that her words fairly tumbled over each other as she hurried on, 'Mr. Clauson of the Savings Bank is going to give prizes to the boys and girls who will earn and put the most money in the bank for three months. Roy, Joe, Anna, Nan, and ever so many of the others are going to try to win. Can't I do something to earn some money—everybody must earn it—so can I try too?

Mrs. Day smoothed back Lila's tumbled curls, 'If you should try, dear, you know that you could not earn as the older ones can, so I am afraid you would be disappointed in the prize.'

'Course, I wouldn't 'spect to do like the big ones; but it's divided into ever so many classes, just 'cording to the age, with prizes for the boys an' for the girls. Joe has a paper that tells all about it. And the prizes are to be little watches. Oh, I do so want one. Joe's going to carry papers, Roy'll work in his papa's store after school, Anna has a neighbor that will pay her to wheel her baby out every afternoon, Nan'll wash dishes for her mamma, and can't I do something to earn too?'

Mamma thought a moment, 'Yes, there are some things that even a little girl seven years old can do. But, remember, Lila, this is not for only one day, it is for ninety days. You might get very tired of working before they were over.'

'No, I won't mamma,' protested Lila eagerly; 'just try me and see.'

'And then,' mamma went on, 'if you did this you would have two giants to fight.'

'Giants?' echoed Lila. 'There are none except in fairy books.'

'Yes, you must know these—they make you a great deal of trouble. One is Giant Spend-your-money, he is always telling you about the candy store on the corner, and he will try to take your money away from you as fast as you earn it. The other Giant I-don't-want-to, and of the two he is the one I am afraid will be the worst.'

Lila hung her head—she knew very well what mamma meant. For often when busy about her play when mamma had called her to run on an errand, or do something about the house, she had

hung back and said those very words, 'I don't want to.'

But now she was very sure, and so she told mamma that she would not say them, would not want to say them.

And at the first Lila was very prompt to answer whenever mamma called her, very eager to wipe the dishes or to go on an errand. Every penny she earned went jingling into her little money-box, and a proud day it was for her when there were coins enough in the box so she could take it to the bank, and give it, her very own self, to the bank clerk, who smiled down from behind the counter at his small depositor.

But as the days went by and the end of the three months still seemed far, far off, it was not always so easy. More than once she listened to Giant Spend-your-money, and the piece of coin found its way to the candy store on the corner instead of the little money-box.

And Giant I-don't-want-to—mamma had been right—such struggles as she did have with him, especially if she were playing with her dolls or deep in a game when she heard mamma's voice, 'Lila, I have something for you to do.' But there was one thing she found out, that every time she won a victory over this Giant I-don't-wan't-to made it easier to do so the next time.

At last the three months were over, and the eventful morning came when the prize winners were to be announced. Ten o'clock of a Saturday was the time, but even before the opening hour a crowd of boys and girls had gathered around, and filled the corridors as soon as the doors were opened. Not a noisy crowd, oh, no; they were there on business just like grown people. Lila did not even swing her feet as she sat very straight on a chair.

'Now don't be disappointed if you fail of a prize,' mamma had cautioned as she buttoned Lila's coat to start. For Lila had but ninty-five cents, and Mrs. Day knew among so many how small that amount would seem.

'But I'm going to hope till I know,' Lila had answered as she started away.

She was hoping still, when a gentleman came out and began to read the names of the forty to whom prizes were to be given. But her heart began to sink as she heard of one boy who earned and saved forty dollars, and another and a girl eleven. However, her spirits rose a little as the list with the ages, came down to fives, and threes, and twos, and at last, oh, joy, at the very end of the list, she heard her own name, Lila Day.

'The littlest girl,' said Mr. Clauson, 'who entered the competition. We know,' he added with a smile as she came timidly forward, 'that there isn't very much such a little girl can do, so we can believe that she has worked as hard, and used as much self-denial to earn and save her ninty-five cents as some of the older ones their much larger amounts.'

Lila was so happy she could hardly wait till the little talk that followed on working and saving was over, and her feet almost flew as she ran toward home, holding tight in her hand the case with the tiny gun metal watch inside.

'Oh, mamma,' she cried, dashing in, 'I did win, after all, and isn't the watch a dear?'

'Very dear,' was mamma's answer, 'but you have won another and even better prize.'

'Why, what?' asked Lila in great surprise.

'The victory you have gained over Giant Spend-your-money, and especially over Giant I-don't-want-to.'

The Nest in the Tree.

The sun was just peeping over the hills, the leaves on the trees stirred gently, and a sleepy voice among the branches said, 'Mother, I am so hungry. When may we have something to eat?'

'Yes, mother, dear,' came a chorus of voices, 'we are so hungry. May we have some breakfast?'

'Yes, my dears,' replied the little brown mother bird, 'you shall have something just as soon as I can go out and get it.'

Poor little mother! She had five hungry mouths to fill. But they were a happy family. Soon each of them would be able to fly and get his own breakfast.

'Oh, mother,' cried out the little ones, 'you said you were going to teach Bright Eyes to fly to-day.'

'Yes,' said the mother, 'I am. When I return, and we have eaten, I will teach your sister, Bright Eyes, to fly.'

'Oh!' cried Bright Eyes, 'how happy I shall be, for then I may help our dear mother to feed the rest of you until you are strong enough to fly.'

'Good-bye, mother, dear!' cried the birdies, as she kissed each of them before leaving.

'I'll return soon, children,' and away she flew as happy as could be.

A little boy stood by the roadside. He had a little air-gun in his hand.

There was a soft flutter and down fell the poor mother bird with a shot through her brave little heart.

'Oh, oh, oh' cried the birdies. Why doesn't mother come? We are so hungry.

They waited until the sun was very high. 'Oh!' they cried. 'What is keeping our dear mother so long?'

The sun went down in the west, and still she had not returned. Poor little birdies! How they cried. At last Bright Eyes, who was the strongest, said she would try to fly and find the mother. But poor little Bright Eyes fell over the edge of the nest and lay very still upon the ground. She never opened her bright little eyes again. Then, one by one, the others grew too weak to cry any more, and they tucked their little heads underneath their wings and lay quiet in the nest. They never woke again.

The little boy who made all of this sorrow was not really cruel; he was very thoughtless. If you see a little boy who is thoughtless, dear children, just tell him about the poor little mother bird and her babies and beg him to be kind.—The 'Child's Gem.'

Ten Little Smiles.

One little smile ran off alone to play,
Conquered a pout it found on the way.

Two little smiles instead of one,
Overtook a second pout—my, what fun!

Three little smiles said, 'Come along with us,'
Meeting a wee frown in a needless fuss.

Four little smiles at a merry pace
Wisked off a baby frown from an anxious face.

Five little smiles—a very jolly mix!—
Overtook another pout; smiles now six!

Six little smiles over half eleven,
Enticed away another frown; now the smiles are seven.

Seven little smiles—what a lucky fate!—
Met a tiny woe-begone, little band of eight.

Eight little smiles all in a line,
Surrounded a pucker—see, the smiles are nine!

Nine smiles now in all—courageous little men—
Took a stray pout prisoner, and swelled the ranks to ten!

Isn't it amazing (yet it's really true)
What a single little smile all by itself can do!

—A. F. Caldwell.

A Picture.

A little tear and a little smile
Set out to run a race;
We watched them closely all the while;
Their course was baby's face.

The little tear he got the start,
We really feared he'd win;
He ran so fast, and made a dart
Straight for her dimpled chin.

But somehow—it was very queer,
We watched them all the while—
The little, shining, fretful tear
Got beaten by the smile!

—'Little Pilgrim.'

Forgetful Dottie.

Dottie was forgetful. Very often when mother told her not to do a thing, in a little while she would do it. She forgot, she said, what her mother told her. Mother was afraid that some day she would be obliged to punish her severely to teach her to remember. But I am going to tell you how Dottie punished herself in a way that she did not forget very soon.

'Now, Dottie,' said her mother one morning, 'nurse is sick, and I am going to dress you. Sit right still in the chair till I get your clothes. Don't run around in your bare feet, for fear you may hurt yourself.'

Dottie sat still a few minutes, and then she 'forgot.' She heard Bruno's bark in the hall, and she jumped down to go and have a romp with him. But alas and alas! She had hardly taken two steps toward the door when she stepped upon a tack that was lying there an the floor, point up. O, how it did hurt her poor little foot! She screamed as loud as she could, and mother came running very fast to help her little girl. When she saw Dottie down on the floor, after she had told her not to jump down, mother felt very sorry that Dottie had 'forgotten' again. But she did not scold her, for she felt that Dottie had punished herself. She took the little daughter in her arms and pulled out the tack. Dottie had stepped so hard upon it that it had run in very deep. Of course it hurt very much to pull it out, but that was not all. Dottie's foot was so sore that she could not wear her shoe for three or four days. So she could not go to friend Nellie's the next day. Was it not too bad? But, you see, if she had not forgotten, there would not have been any trouble.—'Lessons for the Little Ones.'

Correspondence

C., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from this part of the country, so I thought I would write one. I live on a farm, seventeen miles from town. I am not going to school now, as it was closed the eleventh of October. Of all my studies, I like geography the best, and history also. C. is a nice town, growing all the time. I have a saddle pony named Crangee. I like to ride pony-back very much. In the summer time it is my duty to get the cattle every night.

V. M. McWHIRTER.

E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Marguerite Brown asks in her letter if any girls have read the 'Wide, Wide World.' I have read it, and think it very interesting. There are six girls in our family, Two older and three younger than myself. I am twelve years old. My older sister and I passed the Entrance at Wellandport this year. I am studying to be a teacher. We are having two weeks holiday, as they are repairing the schoolhouse.

C. C.

S. A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live just a little way from the river, and have lots of fun in the winter on the ice. I have one sister and one brother. Our Sunday School held their picnice at Grimsby Park. We had a lovely time.

WINNIE FELKER.

S. A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a flag at our public school. We had a flag raising last Friday, and had a lovely time. The ladies brought their baskets, and we had supper inside the schoolhouse.

BERTIE FELKER.

R., Man.

Dear Editor,—I wonder how many of the boys have seen a walking dredge? There is one at work about a quarter of a mile from here. It is a very large machine; it scoops up one square yard of earth at a time.

FRED TULLY.

S. C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the 'Messenger' six years, and we like it very much. I have three sisters, and no brothers. I go to school, and am in the third reader. I can answer one of Emma Recson's riddles: What most resembles the half of a cheese?—The other half. And Blanch Duck's riddle: It was neither fish, flesh, feather nor bone, and in three weeks it could walk alone?—An egg. I am going to send some riddles: 1. If a herring and a half cost a penny and a half, what will eleven herring cost? 2. Why is B like a fire?

HAZEL BARTON (aged 11).

D., Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am a little girl ten years old. I have six brothers, but no sisters. We have three pets, a dog and two cats. I go to school every day, and am in the second book. My teacher is Miss H. I have two dolls. I am going to ask a riddle: What goes east, west, north and south, all teeth, but no mouth?

We take ten copies of your 'Messenger' in our Sunday School, and would not like to be without it.

NETTIE MOOR.

R., Man.

Dear Editor,—My birthday was in September. I will tell the little girl readers what I got for birthday presents: A gold chain and locket from Iowa, and a string of pearls from a little girl who lives near us; her name is Irene too. I am a member of the 'Prairie Chicken Club.'

Each member gets a pretty button; there is a picture of a prairie chicken on it.

I have had letters from two of the 'chickens,' whom I have never seen.

IRENE TULLY.

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am at my uncle's and auntie's home. I used to live in North Dakota, but now we are going to Saskatchewan, and have a farm. My father is out there now, and my eldest brother. I had one sister, but she is dead, and I am the only girl. I have four brothers living.

VIOLA I. TARVES (aged 10).

[Your riddle has been asked before, Viola. We all hope you will like your new home.—Ed.]

B. R., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from around here, I thought I would write one. I have six half-sisters, and one whole sister, living. I had one half-brother, and one whole brother, but both are dead, and also my papa is dead, so I am living with my mother all alone. All my sisters are married except two, and they are away.

D. E. FLORENCE STEWART.

OTHER LETTERS.

Martha M. Treadwell, B., N.B., sends a very good little rhyme about her kitty, which we will be glad to publish soon.

Nellie Sobey, P., N.B., has 'a dolly and a little cradle and a little bantam hen.' Annie J. Sobey, Nellie's 'big sister,' all of eight years old, also writes, but Annie is used to writing. She sends a letter once a week to her married sister.

Fletcher Adams, W., Ont., answers Florence Darrack's riddle (November 15)—because it contains four feet more. This is a riddle also sent: What fish has its eyes closest together? Your other answer was not quite right, Fletcher.

Alice Macdonald, O., Man., is only seven and has not been to school yet. You say the threshing has not been done yet at your home, Alice, but I suppose it is over by now. Your riddles have been asked before.

Myrtle A. Tyrrell, D., Ont., also sends a riddle asked before. Myrtle has nine fall chickens and feeds and takes care of them herself.

Adolph Stilson, L., Ont., has 'a good time after school playing football.' Does your team often win Adolph? Perhaps that is a sad question.

Havelock Graham, E., Ont., sends a drawing in good time for the Christmas number.

John L. Carruthers, C., Ont., goes 'to Sunday School and church every Sunday that he can get there.'

Minnie May Hadley, H., Ont., says 'my youngest brother, my father, and I, all have the whooping cough.' We hope you will soon be well again, Minnie.

Jean Lindsay Edie, D., Man., must certainly be Scotch, to judge by her pretty name. We have had the riddle you sent in before, Jean.

Other riddles previously asked are given in letters from Ella May Gunn, A.H., Ont., and Howard D. Mooers, D.I., N.B.

Daisy Nickell, S., Ont., has 'three dolls, but I just play with one, as one has no eyes and the other has no clothes.'

Geraldine Annie Caravan, L.B., Nfld., lives 'by the seashore, and it is great fun to watch the billows tumbling in.'

We also received little letters from Elizabeth Grace Rickers, G., N.S.; Cecil Sparrow, M., Ont.; Willie Hunter, W., Ont.; and Ivy Dargavel, D., Ont., who has 'four sisters and four brothers,' but is 'the only one left at home.'

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Washing Day.' E. Pellet (aged 10), C., Ont.
2. 'Pearcey Boy.' Hubert Pelley, G.B., Nfld.
3. 'Summer Sport.' Fred. Vivian (aged 13), S., Ont.
4. 'Yours in Haste.' Elroy McKenzie (aged 9), P., Ont.
5. 'Carrying Sister.' Annie Ricker (aged 13), G., N.S.
6. 'Sun Down.' Earl Marshall (aged 12), S., Ont.
7. 'Sailboat.' Robert Arnold Whittier (aged 9), E., B.C.
8. 'Togo.' David Gunn, Toronto.
9. 'Boat.' Willie Hunter (aged 10), V., Ont.
10. 'A Gordon Highlander.' Norman M. Geddes, B., Ont.

The

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NUMBER

of the

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a copy.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Severe Parents.

Much has been said about the cruelty of certain stern parents, and the injury which they have done to their children. It is likely that the world has lost as much through the laxity of kind-hearted parents who have no strength to control their children, who have allowed them to grow up to be fools and prodigals. Many a man has thanked God for a severe parent, whose severity he now forgets, but whose careful training he can never lose; but I have never heard of any man thanking God for parents of silly good nature who gave him anything he wanted, and allowed him to go anyway he pleased, and never had any more than a helpless rebuke for his extravagance of living and sins of conduct. By far the largest number of undisciplined characters and misdirected lives may be traced to the helplessness of their first director; and the world would have been saved the curse of many lives which have been an injury to the community, if well-living parents had added to all their virtues strength of will and moral courage.—Ian McLaren, in the 'C. E. World.'

System in the Household.

'Take time by the forelock' is a wise old saw and a useful one to the head of a busy household. If you have four or five in family and are doing your own housework, how best can you find time for rest, recreation and your social duties?

System! There is no better rule for the busy mother. Let each duty of the day be done at the same time and in the same day. Let each dish or spoon be kept in the most convenient place for that particular article, and let it be cleansed and returned to its place as soon as possible after it is used. If father is away all day and two of the children go to school, perhaps you have two or three lunches to prepare every morning. In this case do not get worried and flurried after getting breakfast and rush the lunches hastily into the boxes. Take a few minutes before bedtime in the evening and prepare everything necessary on a large covered dish and try to work in the lunches while portions of your breakfast are cooking. Then you can sit down with your family and enjoy your meal. If there is breakfast food that takes some time to cook, have it in the double boiler ready to put over the fire when you put on the kettle in the morning. If you are going to bake potatoes for breakfast, have them small enough to cook quickly and put them into the oven when you light the fire. It is easier to do these little things at night than in the morning. If your bedroom is on the same floor with the kitchen you can slip on a warm wrapper and slippers and get your fire lighted before you dress, thereby saving a good deal of time, for your breakfast can be cooking almost from the minute you are out of bed.

Teach each child to be systematic and helpful. Baby will soon learn to dress himself with the help of one of the other children, if you begin right. The children should rise soon after you do and be fully dressed by breakfast time, ready to help a little if necessary before school time.

After the last good-bye is said, I think it pays for mother to take a little rest, if baby is not cross. Then give baby something to play with, and insist that he shall amuse himself while mother is busy. This easily becomes a habit with a normal child. Take up each duty of the day in its regular order, as best suits your domestic economy, but think it out and see what is really the best way and stick to it. Teach father and children to take care of their own clothes, books and toys; to have a place for them and return them to their places when not in use. If your rooms are kept picked up there will not be the necessity of frequent sweeping and dusting. If a neighbor comes to the back door in the midst of a busy morning, there is no rule of etiquette that compels you to drop your work for a long gossip. You can work and talk too, if necessary, but it is the better plan not to encourage gossips.

If you are not strong it is advisable to take several rests during the morning, or vary your work so that you are not on your feet too long at one time. Allow for these rests in your system, and have them at regular intervals. Don't become addicted to pernicious activity and think you can never sit down without some work in your hands. You owe it to yourself and your family to be at your best mentally and physically. By systematizing your work, you can be. You will find time for the sewing and mending at regular hours without encroaching on your rest periods.

Teach the older children to darn and sew on buttons. If a button comes off, or is loose, suggest that it be attended to at once. If there is a little tear in skirt or apron, suggest that it be mended before it gets larger. If daughter is going out to-morrow night, ask what she is going to wear, and if it is in order, to-night. If son has a hard lesson to prepare, tell him it is easier to do it first and play afterward.

System will soon become a habit with each one of the family, and the household will run along easily. You will find time to look over the latest magazine or run out now and then for a call without feeling that some forgotten duty is pressing on you. When each duty is done in its regular order, though drudgery may not be divine, it will certainly be less irksome and possibly more interesting.—'Homestead.'

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS
FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

CHILD'S UNDERWEAR.—NO. 5923.

Comfortable, well-shaped undergarments for the growing girl are very essential. The little model shown is a practical combination, and consists of underwaist and bloomers. The mode is simple in construction, the waist being fitted by shoulder and underarm seams. Provision is made for high, round and square neck. The bloomers are circular in shape, thus doing away with all unnecessary material around the hips. The fullness at the lower edge is adjusted by an elastic. Cambric, longcloth and muslin are all adaptable for the making. For a child of seven years, 2 1-4 yards of 36-inch material will be required. Sizes for 3, 5, 7 and 9 years.

NO. 5930.—GIRL'S SCHOOL DRESS.

This design somewhat resembles the 'Peter Pan' with its turn-back collar and cuffs. A patch pocket is a useful and pretty addition that will be appreciated by the little maid. A fitted body lining assists in keeping the waist in shape. The full straight skirt is simply finished by a deep hem and gathered and attached to the waist. The mode is adaptable to a wide range of materials, such as challis, cashmere, serge, mohair. For a child of 10 years five and a half yards of 56-inch material will be required. Sizes for 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

'NORTHERN MESSENGER' PATTERN COUPON.

Please send me

Pattern.	Size.
No..	... .
No..	....
No..	... .
No..	... .

for which I enclose .. .. .. cents.

Name ....

Address..... ....

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N.B.—It is always safer to cut out illustrations and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. Allow one week beyond time needed for return of post, as orders are handled in rotation. Price, 10 cents, in stamps or postal note. Address 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Department, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Canadian Pictorial

SECOND ANNUAL
CHRISTMAS NUMBER
NOW READY.

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The Greatest Christmas Number Value Ever Offered in Canada.

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PICTURES—In Various Colors—PICTURES

ONLY TEN CENTS.

Edition Limited

The Christmas Number edition is limited by the full capacity of our presses, and will run far short of the demand.

Newsdealers Disappointed

Already we have had to cut down newsdealers' orders to a minimum to their great disappointment. But we must have enough to supply all our regular subscribers.

Two Gift Copies Free

Annual Subscribers remitting One Dollar for a year's subscription are entitled (according to the offer published some time ago) to order copies of this Christmas number sent to each of two of their friends, free of charge, providing the two extra names for **GIFT COPIES** of the Christmas number be sent in with the subscription, and providing also that the subscription be remitted without undue delay.

Wonderful Development

Starting hardly more than a year ago with a small twenty-four page magazine the 'Canadian Pictorial' simply **bounded into popular favor.** For only one dollar a year, ten cents a copy, it gives the best features of 'Collier's', namely the fine pictures of news events and current interests and adds to that the best features of any woman's journal, namely the fashion hints and patterns, and the whole is printed on most expensive enamelled paper with the best possible ink. It is a dainty thing to have on the sitting room table and will interest visiting friends greatly.

An Enlarged Equipment

will soon be imperative, and we are already planning for it so that we will not again have to reduce the agents and dealers supplies.

Subscribers should remit at once and so save disappointment.
Your friends will enjoy the Christmas Number greatly.
Kindly make the offer known.
A year's subscription to the 'Canadian Pictorial' is one of the best Christmas presents you can make to any home. It interests every member of the family

CLUB OFFERS	The 'Canadian Pictorial'	And the 'Montreal Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' only $1.35 a year. And 'World Wide,' a literary compendium of the best articles and cartoons carefuly selected from the leading British and American publications (weekly at $1.50 a year) both for only .. .. ..$1.85 a year.

BOYS—A SNAP!

wanted everywhere to sell the 'Pictorial' regularly for handsome cash profits or premiums. If you sell only 25 you get a first-class Watch, and Chain, Cameras, Knives, Fountain Pens, etc., many of the things a boy longs for may be earned in the same way.

The popularity of the 'Pictorial,' as shown above is such that it 'sells at sight.' A post-card will bring you full particulars.

The Pictorial Publishing Co.

142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Or JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, General Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Just a Friendly Introduction.

PASS IT ON.

There is no paper for home and Sunday reading that has won for itself such a warm welcome in the homes of Canada as the "Northern Messenger." Children delight in it now whose grandparents delighted in it forty years ago, and still feel that in their declining years there is nothing like it. Everywhere it is known it is spoken of with esteem, even with affection. It's influence in a home is beyond estimation, and can always be counted on as "making for righteousness." It is because the "Messenger" subscribers are its friends that we can confidently look to them to speak a good work at this subscription season in behalf of the "Messenger," to their friends and neighbors who do not know it so well.

Especially do we ask this in connection with those who are making new homes for themselves not only in the West, but throughout of the whole Dominion. Think of the pleasure a paper like the "Messenger" would bring, coming the year round to some of the isolated homes in newly settled districts. A few words to one of these new settlers, or would accomplish much. The plan outlined this page, cut out and slipped in a letter, on this page, which will appear from time to time, will enable our subscribers to do us this friendly service, and at the same time each subscriber and friend secured would be able to congratulate themselves and each other n getting such an attractive paper at so low a price—exactly half the usual rate.

You should send your own subscription with an ordinary letter bearing this ⊗ sign plainly marked at the top, and so save the blank form printed at the lower right hand corner of this page for the convenience of your friend.

But if you do not care to cut your "Northern Messenger," you need only show the plan to a friend and tell him that the two important points in sending his subscription are (1) to mention your name and address as the person who introduced the "Northern Messenger," and (2) to mark his letter with a heavy cross inside a circle, so that it may go to the department in our office created to attend to this "Pass on the Introduction" scheme.

At this time of the year when subscriptions are being sent in anyway, our readers may reap the benefit for themselves and their friends in the reduced rates which would be warranted by these introductions, and consequent increase in the circulation of the paper.

Our calculation is that we will in time be able to make good the loss on the additional new subscriptions taken on this basis by charging advertisers a higher figure. But those who "pass on the introduction," and so extend the circulation are in the meantime entitled to the full benefit of the extended circulation.

Only subscribers in Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted), and subscribers in the British Isles and such of the British Dominions and Colonies as do not demand extra postage, are entitled to take advantage of this "Pass on the Introduction" scheme.

THE PLAN

PASS ON THE INTRODUCTION

Everyone who sends twenty cents
for a six months' subscription
to the "Northern Messenger"

will have his subscription extended
for six months more free of charge if he will

INTRODUCE the "Northern Messenger"
WITHIN TWO WEEKS of sending his subscription
TO SOMEONE WHO has not taken it hitherto
AND WHO in his turn, and within the two weeks
shall become a subscriber by
sending twenty cents for a six months' subscription
AND WHO when remitting his subscription
names the person to whom he is indebted
for introducing the "Northern Messenger" and this
"Pass on the Introduction" plan.

N. B.—By the above plan you and your friend
and your friend's friend's friend's friend
without limit may enjoy the "Northern Messenger"
at half rates.

A SUGGESTION FOR YOU

A friend of yours
who has not hitherto subscribed for the "Northern Messenger" will be glad both to know of it and to take advantage of the following proposition.
Then why not mark the following letter and hand or send this copy to a friend?
The following are submitted simply to save the time of yourself and friend.

Dear.....

If you are not already taking the "Northern Messenger" just look through this copy. If you like it, kindly give my name and address to the publishers as the one who introduced it to you and enclose twenty cents to pay for your own trial subscription for six months.

Then if you introduce the "Northern Messenger" to some friend of yours who will appreciate it and will, within two weeks of your remittance, send twenty cents to pay for his subscription for six months (also on the same conditions and with the same opportunity of securing a six months' free extension) the publishers will show their appreciation of your kind offices as they did of mine by extending your subscription for an additional six months free of charge. And your friend and your friend's friend will all enjoy the same opportunity of obtaining a six months' extension free of charge, so it is in everybody's interest that each "pass on the introduction."

I am,
Yours faithfully,

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....190....

A SUGGESTION FOR YOUR FRIEND

To the Publishers of the "Northern Messenger,"

"Witness" Block, Montreal.

Dear Sirs:

I am indebted to M.....whose address is.....for having introduced the "Northern Messenger." I hereby subscribe twenty cents for a six months' subscription on condition that if I also introduce the "Northern Messenger" to a friend who subscribes on the same conditions within two weeks of this date my subscription shall be extended for an additional six months free of charge.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....190....

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Even as a Little Child.

'I don't want to go, mamma.'

'But why not, dear?'

'It's dark in there,' answered the child, shrinking back from the door.

'The dark will not hurt you,' said the mother, 'and I will leave the door open so that a little light will shine in. Go now and bring me the book from the table.'

But still the little child clung to his mother's hand and gazed with frightened eyes into the dark room. Its blackness terrified him and the streak of light shining through the open door only made its shadows seem the deeper. He imagined strange shapes lurking in their mysterious depths, an unknown something lying in wait for him.

'What are you afraid of, dear?' But he could not tell. 'The room is just the same as it was in daytime, and there is nothing there to hurt you.'

Still the boy was afraid to go. Then the mother said:

'Do you think, dear, that I would send you in there if there were any danger, if anything would hurt you?'

He shook his head.

'Come, then! Be a little man! It is very boyish to act this way'; and she tried to draw him toward the door, but he hung back. 'I will go into the dark room myself,' she said, and walked through the door, while he gazed after her with wide, dilated eyes. As she stepped back into the light she smiled at him brightly. 'There, you see I am all safe; nothing has harmed me. Now go into the room yourself and bring me the book as I told you. There is nothing to fear.'

The child glanced timidly at the dark doorway; he made a step toward it, but the unreasoning fear still clutched him and he shrank back in terror from that dread blackness, while his face crimsoned and he hung his head in shame. The mother sighed. There seemed to be no way in which she could overcome her child's timidity.

'I am very sorry my little boy does not love me,' she said, sadly.

He looked quickly up into her face and said, 'I do love you, mamma.'

'Oh, no,' she replied. 'You do not trust me and you do not love me.'

'Yes, I do trust you, mamma,' cried the boy in distress. 'And I do love you, truly, I do!' and he tried to pull apart the hands that covered her face.

'How can you love me and still refuse to do what I ask of you?' she questioned and her face was grave and sad as she looked into his eyes. He could not bear that look. It pierced his heart and roused him into action. Nothing could be worse than for his mother to think he did not love her.

'I will go, mamma,' and he made straight for the dark door. But just within the door, wher weird and awful shapes seemed reaching out of the dimness to catch him, his courage faltered and he called back:

'Will you come if I call you, mamma?'

'Yes, I will come should you need me. Don't be afraid. I am right here.'

Thus reassured, he fought back his fears and hurried to the end of the long room. He grasped the book and turning, ran swiftly toward the welcome light where his mother stood waiting to clasp him in her arms.

'I did it mamma. I went into the dark for you!' he exclaimed, his voice trembling and his eyes shining with excitement.

She clasped him close and kissed him, saying, 'My brave, good boy! You see mamma told the truth when she said that the dark would not hurt you.'

'I knew it all the time, mamma, only— I was afraid until you called to me and I knew you would come if I wanted you; then I wasn't afraid any more.'

'Will you go in there again and put the book back on the table?' she asked.

For a moment he hesitated—then, straightening himself, said proudly, 'Yes, mamma, because you love me and I love you.'

And he walked again, and boldly this time, into the dark room to do his mother's bidding.

The child had conquered fear.

How many of us still doubt divine love and fear to go into the dark!—'Trained Motherhood.'

Christmas Needlework.

Every one fond of fancy work will appreciate these patterns, which are in full size on cambric, and may be used over and over again. As an additional accommodation for readers out of the reach of lace supplies, we can send materials also. Read directions carefully and send the correct amount in money order or registered letter. Stamps for small amounts.

Readers will bear in mind that the materials we supply are not cotton, but the best imported linen throughout, so that if the cost is higher than the braids ordinarily sold, the quality fully makes up for it in beauty of appearance and in durability.

DESIGN NO 84.—PIANO SCARF.
Size 20 x 60.

Every tastefully furnished home has abundance of lace table-runners, sideboard or piano scarfs, etc., which are as much of an expression of individual taste as the furniture and hangings are.

A cambric pattern in correct working size of the above handsome design for piano scarf will be sent for 35 cents. Thirty yards linen braid, No. 2, 36 rings, 2 skeins thread are the materials needed to work this pretty piece. They will be supplied in best quality to our readers for 75 cents extra, or $1.20 in all.

Address all orders to the 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Department, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

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COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ¼-lb. and ½-lb Tins.

Cranberries.

The virtues of cranberries as a healthful food admits of reiteration. Many persons think that they rank first in the list of valuable winter fruit-foods. They are considered to be an excellent remedy for indigestion and biliousness, as they contain certain acid combinations not contained in other fruits. They are also useful as tonics and appetizers. Do not cook cranberries in tin or iron vessels, upon which composition the acid acts harmfully. One unusual preparation of cranberries is cranberry cottage pudding. Make the pudding as usual by beating together a cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter with two beaten eggs and a cupful of milk. Sift into it three cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, adding at the last a cup and a half of cranberries. Put into a buttered pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot with a liquid sauce.—Selected.

Answering Advertisements.

If 'Messenger' readers ordering goods advertized in the 'Messenger' will state in their order that they saw the advertisement in the 'Messenger,' it will be greatly appreciated by all concerned.

Every Boy Wants
A WATCH and CHAIN.

FREE

For selling 25 copies of that popular illustrated monthly, the "Canadian Pictorial" at 10 cents each. Send us the $2.50 and you get at once a guaranteed Ingersoll Watch, stem wind, stem set, and a neat, serviceable Chain. Watch alone for selling 20. Other premiums—all good. Everyone likes the "Pictorial." It "sells at sight." Beautiful glossy paper. Over 1,000 square inches of exquisite pictures in each issue. Many worth framing. Orders for current issue rushing in. Don't be among the last. Orders promptly filled. Send no money, but drop us a postcard, and we will forward supply of "Pictorials" also premium list and full instructions. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the "Canadian Pictorial," "Witness" Block, Montreal.

N.B.—Besides earning premiums, your sales will all count in our splendid prize competition. Write for particulars.

For the DECEMBER issue, offers of premiums for selling the 'Pictorial' are open to boys in Montreal city and suburbs, who must, however, call at the 'Witness' Office, for supplies, etc.

This is a good chance as so many will want three or four to use as Christmas gifts.

THE BABY'S OWN

$12 WOMAN'S FALL SUITS, $6 50
Tailored to order. Also Suits to $15. Send today for free Cloth Samples and Style Book.
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO. London, Ont.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFER.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger,' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'